

Ref. Peace I say; good euen to your friend.
Cor. And to you gentle Sir, and to you all.
Ref. I prethee Shepheard, if that loue or gold
 Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
 Bring vs where we may rest our selues, and feed:
 Here's a yong maid with trauaile much oppressed,
 And faine for succour.
Cor. Faire Sir, I pittie her,
 And wish for her sake more then for mine owne,
 My fortunes were more able to releue her:
 But I am shepheard to another man,
 And do not sheere the Fleeces that I graze:
 My master is of churlish disposition,
 And little wreakes to finde the way to heauen
 By doing deeds of hospitalitie.
 Besides his Coare, his Flockes, and bounds of feede
 Are now on sale, and at our sheep-coat now
 By reason of his absence there is nothing
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.
Ref. What is he that shall buy his flocke and pasture?
Cor. That yong Swaine that you saw heere but ere-
 while,
 That little cares for buying any thing.
Ref. I pray thee, if it stand with honestie,
 Buy thou the Cottage, pasture, and the flocke,
 And thou shalt haue to pay for it of vs.
Cel. And we will mend thy wages:
 I like this place, and willingly could
 Waste my time in it.
Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
 Go with me, if you like vpon report,
 The soile, the profit, and this kinde of life,
 I will your very faithfull Feeder be,
 And buy it with your Gold right sodainly.

Scena Quinta.

Enter, Amiens, Jaques, & others.
Song.
Vnder the greene wood tree,
who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
vnto the sweet Bird's throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere shall he see no enimie,
But winter and rough weather.

Iaq. More, more, I prethee more.
Amy. It will make you melancholly Monsieur Jaques.
Iaq. I thanke it: More, I prethee more,
 I can sucke melancholly out of a song,
 As a Weazel suckes egges: More, I prethee more.
Amy. My voice is ragged, I know I cannot please
 you.
Iaq. I do not desire you to please me,
 I do desire you to sing:
 Come, more, another stanza: Cal you'em stanza's?
Amy. What you wil Monsieur Jaques.
Iaq. Nay, I care not for their names, they owe mee
 nothing. Will you sing?
Amy. More at your request, then to please my selfe.
Iaq. Well then, if euer I thanke any man, Ile thanke

you: but that they cal complement is like th' encounter
 of two dog-Apes. And when a man thankes me hartily,
 me thinkes I haue giuen him a penie, and he renders me
 the beggerly thanks. Come sing; and you that wil not
 hold your tongues.

Amy. Wel, Ile end the song. Sirs, couer the while,
 the Duke wil drinke vnder this tree; he hath bin all this
 day to looke you.

Iaq. And I haue bin all this day to auoid him:
 He is too disputeable for my companie:
 I thinke of as many matters as he, but I giue
 Heauen thanks, and make no boast of them.
 Come, warble, come.

Song. Altogether heere.
Who doth ambition shunne,
and loues to lye i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eateth,
and pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere shall he see, &c.

Iaq. Ile giue you a verse to this note,
 That I made yesterday in despiht of my Inuention.
Amy. And Ile sing it.

Amy. Thus it goes.
If it do come to passe, that any man turne Asse:
Leauing his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Heere shall he see, grosse fooles as he,
And if he will come to me.

Amy. What's that Ducdame?
Iaq. 'Tis a Greeke inuocation, to call foole into a cir-
 cle. Ile go sleepe if I can: if I cannot, Ile raile against all
 the first borne of Egypt.

Amy. And Ile go seeke the Duke,
 His banker is prepar'd.

Scena Sexta.

Enter Orlando, & Adam.

Adam. Deere Master, I can go no further:
 O I die for food. Heere lie I downe,
 And measure out my graue. Farwel kinde master.
Orl. Why how now Adam? No greater heart in thee:
 Liue a little, comfort a little, cheere thy selfe a little.
 If this vncouth Forrest yeeld any thing sauage,
 I wil either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee:
 Thy conceite is neerer death, then thy powers.
 For my sake be comfortable, hold death a while
 At the armes end: I wil heere be with thee presently,
 And if I bring thee not something to eate,
 I wil giue thee leaue to die: but if thou diest
 Before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor.
 Wel said, thou look'st cheereley,
 And Ile be with thee quickly: yet thou liest
 In the bleake aire. Come, I wil beare thee
 To some shelter, and thou shalt not die
 For lacke of a dinner,
 If there liue any thing in this Desert.
 Cheereley good Adam.

Scena Septima.

Enter Duke Sen. & Lord, like Out-lawes.

Du. Sen. I thinke he be transform'd into a beast,
 For I can no where finde him, like a man.

Lord. My Lord, he is but euen now gone hence,
 Heere was he merry, hearing of a Song.

Du. Sen. If he compact of iarres, grow Musically,
 We shall haue shortly discord in the Spheraes:
 Go seeke him, tell him I would speake with him.

Enter Jaques.

Lord. He saues my labor by his owne approach.
Du. Sen. Why how now Monsieur, what a life is this
 That your poore friends must woe your companie,
 What, you looke merrily.

Iaq. A Foole, a foole: I met a foole i'th Forrest,
 Amotley Foole (a miserable world!)
 As I do liue by foode, I met a foole,
 Who laid him downe, and bask'd him in the Sun,
 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good termes,
 In good set termes, and yet a motley foole.
 Good morrow foole (quoth I): no Sir, quoth he,
 Call me not foole, till heauen hath sent me fortune,
 And then he drew a dial from his poake,
 And looking on it, with lacke-lustre eye,
 Sayes, very wisely, it is ten a clocke:

Thus we may see (quoth he) how the world waggeth:
 'Tis but an houre agoe, since it was nine,
 And after one houre more, 'twill be eleuen,
 And so from houre to houre, we ripe, and ripe,
 And then from houre to houre, we rot, and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did heare
 The motley Foole, thus morall on the time,
 My Lungs began to crow like Chanticleere,
 That Fooles should be so deepe contemplatiue:
 And I did laugh, fans intermission
 An houre by his diall. Oh noble foole,
 A worthy foole: Motley's the onely weare.

Du. Sen. What foole is this?

Iaq. O wortheie Foole: One that hath bin a Courtier
 And sayes, if Ladies be but yong, and faire,
 They haue the gift to know it: and in his braue,
 Which is as drie as the remainder basket
 After a voyage: He hath strange places cram'd
 With obseruation, the which he vents
 In mangled formes. O that I were a foole,
 I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Du. Sen. Thou shalt haue one.

Iaq. It is my onely suite;
 Prouided that you weed your better iudgements
 Of all opinion that growes ranke in them,
 That I am wise. I must haue liberty
 Withall, as large a Charter as the winde,
 To blow on whom I please, for so fooles haue:
 And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,
 They most must laugh: And why sir must they so?
 The why is plaine, as way to Parish Church:
 Hee, that a Foole doth very wisely hit,
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart:
 Seeme senselesse of the bob. If not,
 The Wife-mans folly is anathemiz'd,
 Euen by the squandering glances of the foole.

Inuest me in my motley: Giue
 To speake my minde, and I will
 Cleanse the foule bodie of th'infir-
 If they will patiently receive my

Du. Sen. Fit on thee. I can tel
Iaq. What, for a Counter, w

Du. Sen. Most mischeuous f
 For thou thy selfe hast bene a L
 As sensuall as the brutish sting it
 And all th'imbossed fores, and h
 That thou with license of free fo
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the

Iaq. Why who cries out on p
 That can therein tax any priuat
 Doth it not flow as hugely as th
 Till that the wearie verie mean
 What woman in the Citie do I n
 When that I say the City woma
 The cost of Princes on vnworth
 Who can come in, and say that I
 When such a one as free, such is
 Or what is he of basest function
 That sayes his brauerie is not on
 Thinking that I meane him, but
 His folly to the mettle of my spe
 There then, how then, what the
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: I
 Then he hath wrong'd himselfe: w
 why then my taxing like a wild
 Vnclain'd of any. man But who

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Forbeare, and eate no r
Iaq. Why I haue eate none y
Orl. Nor shalt not, till nece
Iaq. Of what kinde should t
Du. Sen. Art thou thus bold
 Or else a rude despiiser of good
 That in ciuility thou seem'st to e
Orl. You touch'd my veine a
 Of bare distresse, hath came from
 Of smooth ciuility: yet am I lin-
 And know some nourture: But
 He dies that touches any of this
 Till I, and my affaires are answ
Iaq. And you will not be an
 I must dye.

Du. Sen. What would you
 Your gentleness shall force, mo
 Moue vs to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food, a
Du. Sen. Sit downe and feed
Orl. Speake you so gently? I
 I thought that all things had bin
 And therefore put i on the cour
 Of sterne commandment. But
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Vnder the shade of melancholly
 Loose, and neglect the creeping
 If euer you haue look'd on bet
 If euer bene where bells haue k
 If euer fate at any good mans fe
 If euer from your eye-hids wip'
 And know what 'tis to pittie, a
 Let gentleness my strong enfor
 In the which hope, I blush, and